ARMY MEDICAL LIBRARY
FOUNDED 1836

WASHINGTON, D.C.

GATEWAY OF THE GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

From Photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

LEAVES

FROM THE

Battle-field of Gettysburg.

A SERIES OF

LETTERS FROM A FIELD HOSPITAL.

AND

National Poems,

BY

MRS. EDMUND A. SOUDER.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAXTON PRESS OF C. SHERMAN, SON & CO.

1864.

Annex
I
475.51
S719L
1864

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864,

By L. Markle,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

TO

The Defenders of our Flag,

ON LAND AND SEA,

WHO HAVE FOUGHT WITH UNPARALLELED BRAVERY AND

SUFFERED WITH UNEQUALLED FORTITUDE,

AND TO THE MEMORY

OF THOSE WHO HAVE LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES

ON THE ALTAR OF THEIR COUNTRY,

THESE PAGES ARE GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

27 SEP
375509

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

The dark days at the end of June and the beginning of July, 1863, are too recent to be forgotten by any Pennsylvanian. All hearts were heavy with anxiety, as each hour brought reports of fresh outrages committed by the rebel invaders. From morning till midnight the drum was heard in our streets, which were filled with soldiers, drilling and recruiting and two hundred clergymen walked in procession to the Mayor, to offer their services wherever most needed. We all felt that the hand of the Lord was upon us in judgment and to him alone could we look for succor, since vain was the help of man.

The fourth of July was a day of great solemnity. Religious services were held in nearly all of our churches and in the words of the honored rector of Christ Church, "It was felt that the same day that witnessed the birth of the nation might also prove either the day of its salvation or of its destruction." Tidings were received the day previous of a battle in progress at Gettysburg; that General Reynolds was killed and his corps driven from its position. The anxiety was intense. On Sunday, rumors came of success to our arms and defeat to the rebels and as rumor deepened into certainty and the pall lifted from the hearts of the people, the first impulse was to prepare, and forward with all possible rapidity, supplies of every kind. In several churches the regular services were omitted and sewing machines were put in requisition, in making up shirts and drawers; while from almost every house, jellies, stimulants and old linen were sent to

some point to be packed immediately for the battle-field. Many clergymen and citizens, as well as surgeons and physicians of every grade hastened to the relief of the wounded and dying and many ladies made speedy arrangements to go to the field. On Tuesday came the glorious news of the surrender of Vicksburg and it was felt that there should be a public demonstration of feeling; a public thanksgiving to the God of battles, who had confounded our enemies in the midst of us. The Rev. Dr. Brainerd, whose warm-hearted loyalty has made his name a tower of strength, was invited to officiate and the Union League, preceded by a fine band playing the national airs, marched in procession to Independence Hall, where a prayer of thanksgiving for victory, for Gettysburg and for Vicksburg, was offered to the Almighty Deliverer, in the presence of assembled thousands, who stood reverently uncovered near the consecrated spot. At its

close the solemn notes of Old Hundred were heard from the State House steeple, whither the band had gone and the vast multitude sang in grand chorus the words,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

It was an occasion to be remembered forever.

As the days passed on we received continued accounts of the suffering and distress among our noble soldiers and with three other ladies, the writer decided to visit Gettysburg, to aid in the great work.

The following letters were written in much haste, either in the early morning or late at night, to relieve anxiety and gratify the eager interest of friends at a distance. They have been recently gathered for publication, in the earnest hope, that while giving a truthful picture of a portion of the field of labor, they may also aid in providing needful supplies for our brave soldiers in the hospitals and on the field; for the Sanitary Commission, which,

since the beginning of this dire rebellion, has been doing the work of the good Samaritan, "pouring in the oil and the wine."

To this good and great cause these letters are offered by

A Loyal Woman.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1864.

Leaves from the Battle-field.

HANOVER JUNCTION, July 14, 1863,
Tuesday afternoon, 2 o'clock.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

We left Baltimore at half-past seven this morning and have been waiting here till we are almost *cooked*,—the only word that gives an idea of our discomfort. We understand that we are to leave at six o'clock. The immense amount of government supplies and hospital stores which are being sent forward and the trains of wounded soldiers coming from Gettysburg, make the transportation of passengers inconvenient and uncomfortable to the last degree. Two or three days ago, an open freight car was the only accommodation and in this the ladies slept, with the sky above them. A train of wounded soldiers passed down about an hour ago. A car is stationed here, close to the

railroad track, where four ladies from Baltimore prepare lemonade, bread and butter, to refresh the men, beside pies, farina, etc.,—"The Christian Commission Car." They have three stations on the way. We made a visit to this car and saw the ladies at work. Presently, a young man, a member of the Commission, came in with a market basket, filled with loaves of bread, which he had procured from farm-houses not very far distant. I bought a barrel of bread from a baker in Baltimore and could hardly refrain from adding this to their store; but the accounts which we have received of the great necessity for bread in Gettysburg induced me to retain it, as the distance to this point is more easily passed over.

A kind-hearted woman, by the wayside, has been baking sixty pies per day, the materials being furnished to her,—not a trifling service, with the thermometer at ninety degrees or more.

A gentleman belonging to the Sanitary Commission came next, with an anxious face, to inquire if the ladies "had any way to cook some meat?" The ice in the "provision car" had melted and he feared that the fresh meat would spoil, the heat

was so great and there was so much delay on the road.

We see, at every step, the need of effort. Persons coming and going all agree that there is a great deal to be done. Rev. Mr. Bringhurst is in our company, of which we are all glad; also several Sisters of Charity, each with a basket of stores. Boxes are piled up at this point, marked for the "Sisters of Charity." Adams' Express seems the only reliable way of sending. If you can come yourself, you must keep your eyes on what you have in charge. R. Campion will go back to Baltimore to-morrow, if our boxes are not forthcoming. It is in a manner impossible to get any one to handle these things and on this account ladies who are alone have much trouble. I have a supply of paper and envelopes and can write letters without boxes and this also is much needed. A surgeon from Ohio, who is waiting for the Harrisburg train, says "he can take a man's leg off, if necessary and not mind it; but when a man says, '*Can't you write to my wife and tell her how I died and tell her to kiss Mary*,' that I cannot do." This gentleman started from his home immediately after re-

ceiving tidings of the battle and walked twelve miles across the country to reach a railroad train, that he might arrive at Gettysburg as early as possible.

We were all disgusted with a young surgeon in the cars yesterday, who was ordered to report at Gettysburg without delay. He was thoroughly indifferent; said "he was not going to kill himself hunting transportation; he would go to Barnum's and take it easy and go in the morning."

We are all well. Have heard of good quarters from a Philadelphia woman, just returning, where we can probably stay,—Mrs. Rowe's, Baltimore Street. The Doctor offers to take letters and mail them in Harrisburg, of which kind offer we gladly avail ourselves. Sitting on the steps of the platform, with a satchel in lieu of a desk, we are giving our friends the earliest information.

God bless you all. E. B. S.

E. A. Souder, Esq.

Gettysburg, July 15, 1863.

My dear ——,

I must give you an account of our first day's experience in camp; a day of horror, I might al-

most say and yet a day of blessing. We arrived here last night, after a ride of excessive discomfort, from Hanover Junction. We waited at the station from eleven o'clock A.M. till two or three in the afternoon, the sun beaming down upon us with withering power, when we took our seats in the cars, thinking that we could not feel the heat more and would probably be more comfortable. We waited till past seven, the car crowded to suffocation; six Sisters of Charity with a priest, just opposite to us, going to nurse the sick; people looking for their dead, or hoping to find their wounded still living. The distance to Gettysburg from the Junction is but thirty miles; but it was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached the hotel, to learn that there was no possible place for us, unless we would sit up in a parlor, where some forty men were to sleep in the adjoining room, separated by folding doors, each with a carpet-bag on the floor for a pillow. However, a good woman,—who had asked, at Hanover Junction, "where she could get something to eat," and to whom I gave the cup of tea I was drinking, made from a little store in my travelling-bag, and some biscuits and butter and

dried beef from our baskets,—told us of a nice place, which she had left in the morning, where she thought we could find quarters. It was surely a speedy reward for the trifling kindness that Mr. Bringhurst and R. Campion succeeded in finding this house, where we are nicely accommodated. We have made an arrangement to breakfast and sup here. We were scarcely at the window this morning when Sarah rushed over from the house right opposite (see how the Lord sent us to the very spot) and directly after, Mr. J. W. Claghorn and Louisa, who were in the very next house. Sarah was delighted to see us, but burst into tears the next moment, as did Miss Claghorn. "The sights we had to see," they said, "we could not imagine." After breakfast, Sarah went with R. Campion to look up her boxes and presently two army wagon-loads were brought to her lodgings. While we were waiting, as the ambulances passed on their way to the depot, we handed the poor soldiers a drink from the doorstep and when the boxes were safely housed, we got into an ambulance and rode to the hospital tents of the Second Corps. We were driven by a pleasant fellow from Vermont, who told us many

interesting things about the battle-ground, which we crossed. We saw the rifle-pits, the dead horses, the shattered windows and the stone walls, all scattered and many soldiers' graves. But who shall describe the horrible atmosphere which meets us almost continually? Chloride of lime has been freely used in the broad streets of the town and to-day the hospital was much improved by the same means; but it is needful to close the eyes on sights of horror and to shut the ears against sounds of anguish and to extinguish, as far as possible, the sense of smelling.

We dispensed buckets of milk punch and quantities of corn-starch, nicely prepared with condensed milk and brandy, besides sundry cups of tea, an unwonted luxury and broth made of beef jelly condensed, with many other services and a little chat occasionally with some poor fellow. I found a great many Maine boys; many from Wisconsin and Minnesota; scarcely one who had not lost an arm or a leg. I felt as if I could hardly wait upon the rebels; but the first call almost upon my sympathies, was to see a young Mississippian, and all day long we found the Union

soldiers side by side with the rebels. Death is very busy with these poor fellows on both sides. It seems hard for no kind voice to speak a word of cheer to the parting spirit and yet there are many laborers in the vineyard; but the work is great. There are perpetual calls for "something for a wounded soldier who can't eat anything hard,"— "milk punch," "a cup of tea," or "a cup of coffee with milk." Two or three desperately wounded men begged for *ice*, with an earnestness of agonized entreaty which could brook no denial. I promised, if possible, to obtain it; but found that the surgeon had absolutely forbidden that the ice should be touched, as the lives of many men depended upon their having it. You may judge how painful it was to carry this message in lieu of the cooling morsel of which I hoped to be the bearer.

We all feel thankful that we are here and also that we have been providentially provided and cared for at every step. Many surgeons came to our table which was arranged to-day, asking for a cup of coffee and we had a distinguished party to dine, Adjutant-General Thomas and his son, with a surgeon or two. Another visitor we had, well-

known to fame, a distinguished Copperhead from New York. And what do you think is his mission? I dare say he has looked after the New York soldiers, but he has taken special pains to find some one to look after the rebels. S. answered him nobly yesterday and to-day we gave him several magnificent shots in a quiet way which he certainly did not enjoy. He did not wait to partake of the coffee with General Thomas. Indeed the ladies said they had no refreshments for Copperheads and he should get nothing from them. General Thomas is a splendid man. He thinks the Copperheads have nearly run their course. There is a strong feeling of indignation against the men here who betrayed the Union soldiers who were concealed. Many persons think they are entitled to be hung without trial.

But it is getting late and I am keeping the ladies awake. We all occupy one room and enjoy each other's society highly. Good night.

Thursday morning.—Anna Raymond and I are going to the post-office with our letters and hope to find one there. We all feel sure that if you could see the terrible need here of women's hands,

you would all feel quite satisfied that we are here. It requires some effort to write a long letter after the excitements and fatigues of the day, but I know you are anxious to hear exactly how we are getting along. God bless you all.

E. B. S.

GETTYSBURG, July 16, 1863.
Thursday morning.

MRS. J. HEULINGS,
Moorestown, New Jersey.

DEAR MADAM: At Mrs. Campion's request I will endeavor to give you a little account of our experiences since we left home and in this town, grown so suddenly famous in the history of this infamous rebellion. We left home on Monday morning, Mrs. James L. Claghorn, and her sister, Miss Raymond, Mrs. Campion, her son and myself. We all felt the solemn pressure of the responsibility, and were tenderly alive to the sufferings of our brave soldiers, and were anxious to be in the field at the earliest possible moment. The few days previous were spent in active preparation for our duties,—collecting and packing boxes of stores, which were freely supplied to us, whenever

called for,—whatever we thought would be useful or desirable. Our personal baggage was put into the smallest compass.

We arrived at Baltimore too late to take the train on the Northern Central Railroad, and were obliged to remain there till the next day. We improved the time, however, in taking a survey of Baltimore. The hackman who drove us would not take his accustomed fare, "for the like of us," he said, "who were going to nurse the soldiers." We thanked this true-hearted son of Erin as he deserved for his kindly feeling, and engaged him to take us the next morning to the depot.

It was amicably agreed before we slept that Miss Raymond should be chaplain, and I secretary of our little company. On the strength of this appointment, I have just written a letter to the ladies of the Church of the Covenant, and am now penning this epistle to yourself.

We had a pleasant ride to Hanover Junction in the early morning. *Crossing the State line* was an interesting circumstance to our Northern hearts. The long delay at the Junction was wearisome and uncomfortable to the utmost, and we had scarcely

started from thence, when the rain began to fall in torrents. Darkness came on. We seemed to have scarcely breathing space in the single car, closely packed with passengers, where there was no arrangement for light, except indeed an empty lantern which hung on one side of the car. Happily for us, I had put two or three candles in my carpet-bag, and the cheerful ray of light was gladly hailed. Long before we reached the town, the odors of the battle-field were plainly perceptible. We arrived late on Tuesday night, and commenced our duties yesterday morning. We had an early call from Mrs. Curtis. Mr. J. W. Claghorn and his daughter, and Mrs. E. W. Hutter also called, and left shortly after for Philadelphia. We were aroused from sleep very early by the sound of ambulances driving past on their way to the camps for the wounded, and also by the perpetually passing wagons loaded with coffins, either going empty to the battle-fields, or returning with their sad freight. Long before the camps are reached, which lie some distance beyond the town, we see abounding evidence of the conflict, which was raging only two weeks ago to-day. In Chambers-

burg Street still lie wrecked caissons and wagon-wheels. The broken windows, the marks of bullets and cannon-balls, the scattered and battered stone walls, the carcasses of dead horses steaming in the sun, and the graves of our poor soldiers, all tell of what has been so recently the battle-ground.

The atmosphere is truly horrible, and camphor and cologne or smelling salts are prime necessaries for most persons, certainly for the ladies. We think that diminutive bags of camphor, say an inch square, would be a great comfort to the soldiers, relieving them in some measure from the ever-present odors.

We rode in an ambulance to the hospital of the Second Corps. The sights and the sounds beggar description. There is great need of bandages. Almost every man has lost either an arm or a leg. The groans, the cries, the shrieks of anguish, are awful indeed to hear. We heard them all day in the field, and last night I buried my head in my pillow to shut out the sounds which reached us, from a church quite near, where the wounded are lying.

We could only try to hear as though we heard

not, for it requires strong effort to be able to attend to the various calls for aid. The condensed milk is invaluable. The corn-starch, farina, and milk punch are eagerly partaken of, and a cup of chocolate is greatly relished. A poor fellow with a broken jaw seemed to appeal, though mutely, for special attention. I beat up quickly two or three eggs, adding a spoonful of brandy and a cup of scalding hot milk, which he managed to draw through his scarcely opened lips, and at once seemed revived. The Union soldiers and the rebels, so long at variance, are here quite friendly. They have fought their last battle, and vast numbers are going daily to meet the King of Terrors.

Many members of the Christian Commission are laboring here, and for any person who is able to speak a word in season, the golden opportunity is waiting, and can never return. Do try to send some laborer into the harvest, who may gather a few sheaves for the garner of the Lord.

But we are about leaving for the camp, and I must close. Mrs. Campion desires her love to Mrs. Woodward and yourself. Give my congra-

tulations, if you please, to the patriotic mother of the heroic son.

Very truly, yours.

GETTYSBURG, July 16, 1863.

MISS MARY C——,

Chelton Hills.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I believe I promised to send you word how we were circumstanced here, and I avail myself of a few quiet minutes to tell you of the great and pressing want of kind Christian women, who can minister to the bodily suffering and also to the spiritual wants of our poor soldiers. Rev. Mr. Parvin will tell you how sorely stricken and wounded our noble soldiers are, and how grievously these rebel wounded are suffering and both lying side by side, like brothers. We were so fortunate as to have the Rev. Mr. Bringhurst as a fellow-traveller all the way through. He stopped this morning to say that he wanted us to come to the Fifth Corps Hospital, where there are no ladies. The soldiers are more than thankful to get a little food or a cup of tea prepared in a home-like man-

ner. The sights and the sounds are beyond description. There are hundreds of men who will never leave the battle-field alive and hundreds more who have "fought their last battle." The amputation-table is plainly in view from our tents. I never trust myself to look toward it.

And here let me tell you that we had quite an argument with a minister from Maryland, who, standing on the street, happened to overhear a remark made by one of us to Mr. Bringhurst, as he sat in a carriage, on his way to the field, in regard to the question of nursing the rebels. This gentleman felt it to be his duty to walk into our boarding-house and take us to task, strangers as we were. His speech was certainly without *grace* and was seasoned with something much more pungent than *salt*. He charged us with taking a very unchristian view of the matter. We told him that we took care of them as suffering men and not as rebels. We learned afterward that this gentleman was well known as a secessionist.

Thursday evening.—We have finished our day's work and I feel impelled to write a few more lines, to say that the necessity of more help is terrible.

The men are dying all around us and there is no time to say more than a friendly word, as one is called from tent to tent and requested to prepare "milk punch for eight men," or "corn-starch," or "tea," "a portion for seven and also for eight." What can we do, when these poor souls, who have just undergone amputation, require nourishing and stimulating food to keep the life in them at all? We cannot stop to talk with them. We can only labor assiduously with our hands.

I provided myself before leaving home with a large quantity of paper, stamps, etc., expecting to write many letters for the soldiers, but thus far, have not found time and many that were alive yesterday are gone to-day and several that we saw to-day, I fear we shall see no more forever. I inclose a few flower seeds and a blossom, which I gathered to-day for you. Tell Mr. P. to come here and try to save some of these poor souls. A young woman, a few doors distant, only five days confined, fled with her baby from the rebels. Another was in a cellar, with three little children and an infant a few months old, five days, living on crackers, and the water two feet deep in the cellar.

A woman on the opposite side of the street secreted three Union soldiers in her cellar and fed them there while the rebels had possession of the town. But I must say good night.

Sincerely yours,

E. B. S.

In Camp, near Gettysburg,
July 18, 1863.

My dear Husband:

I send this letter by the hand of a Connecticut boy, who is on his way home, Corporal Charles P. Kinzey, 27th Reg. Conn. Vols.

We had a very interesting day yesterday. Mrs. Campion and I, allowing ourselves a little space for taking an observation of a portion of our surroundings, walked a few yards from the border of the encampment, and visited the slaty ridge where our Union soldiers belonging to this corps are buried. We read the names with sad interest.

The ground all around is thickly strewn with the debris of the battle. We picked up a tourniquet, with which, we are told, all the New Hampshire

boys are supplied; an open Testament, still perfect, though wet and somewhat soiled, with "H. K. Campbell, 145th Reg. P. V.," written in pencil on the blank leaf,—tin cartridge boxes, minnie balls, belt clasps, etc.—These we shall carefully preserve as mementoes.

We are very busy, from seven in the morning till seven in the evening. Twelve poor souls passed yesterday to their final account, six Union soldiers and six rebels. We sleep in town, riding out in the morning and returning at night. Both going and returning, we pass the Cemetery which must henceforth be so interesting to all loyal Americans, but we have not allowed ourselves time to enter the gateway.

With one exception, we have received no letters from home. Our boxes are all safe. Richard Campion went to Baltimore on Thursday and Mr. Jackson went with him to the depot to hunt up our stores and send them on, after which he returned. His assistance has been very valuable to us at all points and his youthful spirits have afforded us a needed relief amidst the surrounding sadness.

Supplies are abundant. The distress and suffering are beyond description, but there is a great change for the better since we came, and these continuous showers are, the surgeons say, the best possible thing.

Doctor Morris is here. I have just had a chat with him about these rebels. Rags, pads, and pillows are much wanted; no danger of too many of them. Lemons are spoiling; so many have been sent. Good-bye.

E. B. S.

E. A. Souder, Esq.,
Philadelphia.

Gettysburg, July 18, 1863.

Dear ——:

I was truly rejoiced to receive your letter with its inclosures. It is past eleven o'clock at night, and I have just finished a letter to the mother of a young man, of the New York 64th Volunteers, who died yesterday, and from whose head I cut a beautiful lock of black hair, which I inclosed with three oak leaves plucked from a branch which grew directly over his tent. We constantly wit-

ness heartbreaking scenes, but the Lord has endued us with strength to bear them.

To-day, at Doctor Morris's request, I went to the rebel camp, and wrote several letters. I found the office very uncongenial in every respect, and hardly think I shall attempt it again. Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— have devoted themselves to this branch of the service with great assiduity. The rebels are truly wretched for the most part, without fortitude or much else that makes a man what he should be. I shook hands with Mr. George H. Stuart to-night, in the camp. He had just arrived. The stores of almost everything are wonderfully abundant, but the necessity is frightful. The surgeon in charge said to me to-day, "We cannot have too many pads." Mrs. Turley received about one hundred to-day. They were gone directly, and I had to go to the Christian Commission tent, to hunt up two or three for a poor fellow from Massachusetts, who said he was suffering terribly. About eight inches square is a good size. Bran is the article most used for stuffing them. These pads have to be renewed almost daily, as everything becomes horribly offensive. It is not necessary to

pay freight to Baltimore. We have to learn by degrees how to manage these matters. We expect to receive to-morrow the balance of our stores. This day is the first without rain since we came here. The camp ground is so wet and muddy that we can scarcely get on, even with India rubbers. The cool wet weather has been extremely favorable, both for the men, who have almost all suffered amputation, and for the citizens also, as it washes off the ground and relieves the surface by absorption. There has been a great change since we came in this respect. This morning the ride to the camp was quite comfortable by comparison, except when we were passing those places where the dead horses poison the atmosphere. It seems strange that they are not destroyed, but by degrees they are being consumed by fire. We have not had time to visit the battle-ground or the Cemetery. We go to the camp early, and are busy to the utmost all day; beside it has rained almost constantly.

We changed our quarters yesterday, and are very comfortably accommodated with a very loyal little woman, whose plain speech to General Early,

when the rebels were in possession of the town, elicited from him the compliment that "she was the spunkiest little woman he had met." Two of our ladies slept in camp last night that they might be able to give an early breakfast to those who so much require it. Good night.

GETTYSBURG, July 20, 1863.
Monday morning.

DEAR MARGARET:

I have thought many times of H.'s words, that she would be willing to come here and nurse our wounded soldiers, although at a sacrifice. I have felt as if I really must write, and tell her of the terrible necessity; but it is difficult to find time to write, and I also knew that it would be difficult for her to leave home. I should be only too thankful to have her with us, for the suffering bodies, and the great agonies of poor souls appointed to die, call loudly for the kind ministrations of Christian women. Six or eight men lie in almost every tent, and scarcely one of these who has not lost an arm at the shoulder, or else his leg. Ghastly suffering stares you in the face, and while many are cheer-

ful and hopeful, many others are wan and down-hearted. It is wonderful how the eyes of these poor fellows will brighten at a friendly word from a woman.

The rebels bear their suffering very differently from our men. Some of them, their officers, are intelligent and gentlemanly; but the privates are for the most part perfectly abject. They whine, and cry, and complain; and their own men, who have been detailed as nurses, *will not* wait on them. They may well be called "white trash," for they are lacking in nearly all those qualities that we respect and value. I think that the churches of all denominations should each send at least one Sister of Charity, to comfort and to bless these suffering men of the Army of the Potomac, and at the same time to minister, where need is, to the dying and penitent rebels. It should be understood that there are many Southern sympathizers here, who devote themselves exclusively to this class. I wrote a letter yesterday for Lieut. Seal, of the 42d Mississippi, a very interesting young man. On Wednesday morning last, we first visited the camp hospital of the Second Corps.

We came to do what we could for our suffering soldiers,—for the martyr-heroes who had stood between us and death. We had scarcely entered the field of labor when some one came and begged me to see a young Mississippi lieutenant. A momentary conflict arose in my mind. "He is a rebel," I said, "and I had not felt as if I could do anything for a rebel." "I think he is a fine young man," was the answer, "and he is going to die." I could hesitate no longer, but signified my willingness to go. Lying on the ground, in front of one of the large hospital tents, was a young man, whose face, as I looked at him, seemed that of one of my own kindred; the same blue eyes, brown hair, and light complexion. With sorrow, I spoke of his coming North *on the wrong side*. A Massachusetts man in the tent eagerly answered for him: "He could not help it; he is a good Union man at heart." This was Lieutenant Seal. In reply to my offer of service, he said I could do nothing for him. He was groaning in spirit, and suffering greatly, having been wounded in five places, and had also suffered amputation. He wished to be raised from the ground. I told him that the surgeons were

supplying stretchers as fast as they received them, and doing all in their power to make the men comfortable. For a day or two I missed him, and thought he was gone, but he lingered on. Yesterday, I wrote his farewell message to his wife, which he was scarcely able to utter, even in a faint whisper. In almost every tent the Union soldiers and the rebels lie side by side, friendly as brothers. I said to some of them yesterday, that the North and the South would surely know each other better than ever before, when this war was over. We hear incidents daily, that would be of intense interest if one had only time to write them down, and the ladies of our little party are anxious that I should remain at home to write a letter for publication; but I feel as if the field was the place where every laborer ought to be.

Close by the house where we are boarding, a young woman was five days in a cellar with four little children, one of them an infant a month old. They cried for water, and finally she went to the door to go for it, when a rebel soldier took the bucket from her, saying, she would surely be shot,

the bullets were flying so thick and fast, and brought it back filled.

The Christian Commission have a tent on the ground. Very near that is Mrs. Curtis's tent, and Mrs. Campion and Anna Raymond are there. Immediately adjoining is another tent, where Mrs. Turley, Mrs. Chaplain, and Mrs. J. L. Claghorn are chiefly to be found, while I do anything that comes to hand in either one, and go to the Commission tent for anything that is needful. The supplies are most abundant of everything except pads and pillows. Pads eight inches square, made of the poorest materials possible, and filled with bran or sawdust, or soft hay, are more needed than any other thing. They are thrown away daily, or ought to be, and they "*cannot have too many.*" "Butter!" is the cry of the soldiers.

We had a service in our tent yesterday, and sang, "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" and "Coronation." Rev. Mr. Morris, from Germantown, officiated. There have been daily rains till yesterday, and the atmosphere has been truly awful. Yesterday, Mrs. H—— arrived from Michigan, to find that her only brother was already buried. Two

days before, Mrs. Reynolds, from Philadelphia, came to find her husband, already buried. I gave to each some refreshment, and then begged them to assist me, for surely nothing helps us to forget our own sorrows like trying to relieve the sorrows of others. They each helped me to prepare a whole barrel of bread for toasting, and Mrs. Reynolds and I made dipped toast, till you would surely have thought that every man was supplied. I told several of the soldiers that we were going to toast the Army of the Potomac. They are delighted to have a little home cooking. We made delicious farina and corn-starch, with plenty of brandy in it, for these amputated cases require stimulating food. It is wonderful how much the aspect of nearly all has improved since we have been here.

This is a lovely country. The scenery fills us with delight as we pass to and from the camp, which is about four miles and a half out of town. We have not found time to visit any other corps hospital, we are so constantly engaged. The churches are filled, and almost every house has one or more wounded men in it. I have written

in great haste, while waiting for the ambulance to take us to the camp. Good-bye.

E. B. S.

MRS. MARGARET SOUDER,
Philadelphia.

GETTYSBURG, July 20, 1863.
Monday morning.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, bearing "Gettysburg" as a postmark. I left home, with a little company of friends, a week ago to-day, and arrived here after a wearisome journey, *via* Baltimore, on Tuesday night.

We commenced our labors at once in the field hospital of the Second Corps, to distribute milk punch, prepared from condensed milk, an invaluable thing in the hospitals, and to prepare nourishing food for our wounded soldiers, corn-starch and farina, eggs in various shapes, and nicely made tea and coffee. Each day, as we have opportunity, we visit the soldiers in their tents, and try to speak a word of cheer. I was surprised and much interested to find the Colonel of the First Minnesota, with Lieutenant Mason and several of their regi-

ment, in the same tent. I promised to take them under my especial charge. Colonel Colvill was much pleased to find that I was your sister, and wanted to know if I intended writing to you soon. I will get the names of these Minnesota boys, and send them to you, if possible. I was glad to be able to give to each of them an orange, a luxury much craved and difficult to obtain at this season, and took to them some chicken soup, which they thought very comfortable. I have seen a number of Minnesota boys, but have not their names, and am sorry to add, have seen also the graves of many Minnesotians.

A great many Maine boys are here, especially of the 19th Maine, which was terribly cut up.

We have several times visited the Adjutant of the 17th Maine, a pleasant young man from Portland, who bears the suffering from an amputated limb with great cheerfulness. He is quartered in a private house in the town. On the opposite side of the street is a young captain of the same regiment, who has lost his arm, Captain Young. He was wounded, I believe, in the first day's battle, and like many others laid several days in the woods without attention. The faces of these New Eng-

land boys light up with pleasure, as they learn that several of our little company are from the East, though now residents of the City of Brotherly Love, and all the soldiers love to hear of Philadelphia.

The beautiful fields around Gettysburg bear painful evidence of the recent struggle. We are very busy every day, and have not attempted to visit any of the various points of interest.

Wednesday morning.—A man named Crowley, of the 1st Minnesota, who enlisted at St. Paul, was breathing his last, when we left the camp last evening. Lieutenant M. will go to Baltimore to-day. He is an interesting young man, wounded in the hand. It is impossible to remember the names and identity of these soldiers, except in particular instances. We shall probably remain here another week, if we continue reasonably well. Colonel Colvill has several times asked if I had sent my letter to you yet, and desired his regards. I will send it, therefore, without any further delay. The ambulance is waiting for us. Good-bye.

Your affectionate sister.

J. A. Thacher, Esq ,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

GETTYSBURG, July 22, 1863.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I remained in town to-day to rest, with the expectation of being able to return to labor in the field to-morrow with renewed strength. The duties here are undoubtedly arduous, and were it not for the special blessing of God, giving needful strength for the hour of necessity, we should have failed at the outset. Every lady of our party looked sadly worn yesterday, and I am sorry to say that I gave out totally. We purpose hereafter to remain in town alternately, to look after our affairs here, write letters, and visit several sick soldiers who are quartered very near us, beside trying to obtain a little rest, which will be, we trust, a great benefit. A surgeon said yesterday that "two-thirds of all these amputated cases must die." We did not know that our hospital experiences were to prepare us for this work. So the Lord leads us by a way that we know not, and we have the hourly satisfaction of knowing that these suffering men are cheered and comforted by our ministrations.

We were very glad the day before yesterday to see the Rev. Mr. Shinn, who was assistant minis-

ter at St. Paul's for a time, but now is rector of the Church of our Saviour at Eighth and Reed Streets. Just as he came, a want appeared. Some men were to be sent home, who had no pantaloons. Doctor Ward, from Wilmington, Del., came to me: "Two men were going to Delaware in the morning; could I get pantaloons for them?" I found two white linen pairs joyfully, but Mr. Shinn said there were cloth pantaloons in one of his boxes; so we had it opened and found what was needed. Mr. Shinn told me he distributed thirty pairs yesterday morning. Monday, there was no bread; not a loaf to be found anywhere. Presently a wagon drove up, laden with supplies,—huge loaves of home-made bread, pies, butter, and eggs and other comfortable things. It was like the manna in the desert; so I hope we shall learn the lesson to "be careful for nothing." Yesterday a similar supply was received. There was not an egg to be had, and no butter, and "*butter*" is the perpetual petition of the poor soldiers, when a country vehicle all dusty stopped near our tents, and bread and biscuits, butter, lard and eggs, were handed out, with dried fruit in quantity. I shall have many

things to tell you, which I cannot conveniently write. Sarah has gone to visit the battle-field this afternoon with Miss B. She did not go to-day to the hospital. Mr. Bringhurst called last night to see us. He was sick, and going home. Few persons are able to remain here more than a week. The water has been very bad; the atmosphere shocking. I only wonder how we have borne it; but the last few days it has been much more endurable. Mrs. Campion sends her love. We were quite rejoiced to have a visit from a quartette of gentlemen a few days ago. But I must say adieu, with love to all.

Your affectionate sister,

E. B. S.

Miss H. Souder,
West Philadelphia.

Gettysburg, July 22, 1863.

My dear Sister:

I wrote to —— on the Sunday afternoon previous to my leaving home. We reached Baltimore in a rain-storm, Monday afternoon, too late to leave for Hanover Junction, so we drove to the Eutaw House. After resting awhile, we ordered a

carriage, rode around the city, and made a call or two, and ascended the Washington Monument, whence we enjoyed a fine view of the city and its surroundings, notwithstanding the rain. Many of the streets are barricaded, which looks strangely. At half-past seven the next morning we started for Hanover Junction, which place we reached at eleven o'clock. A car is stationed on the track, where lemonade, bread and butter, pies, etc., are dispensed to the poor wounded soldiers as they pass,—a real place of refreshment. We waited at the Junction till half-past seven in the evening. The heat was most oppressive, and there was no shelter worth mentioning. Many persons, returning from Gettysburg, were waiting also; some to go to Baltimore, others to take the Harrisburg train through York. It was here that the rebels destroyed the bridges, tearing up the rails and burning the cars. The road is now guarded at this point by a company of soldiers. As we sat waiting in the car, hour after hour, several of them were sitting on the embankment, cleaning their muskets and singing,

"Who will care for mother now?"

That picture will always rise up before my mental vision whenever I hear that song.

We had a wearisome ride to Gettysburg, crowded to suffocation, and when it became dark there was no light in the cars, except that which was furnished by a candle which I had put in my carpet-bag by way of precaution. Six Sisters of Charity, with their white bonnets, black stuff garments, and rosary and cross depending from their girdles, occupied seats near us.

Arrived at our place of destination, it was difficult to find shelter. Every place was crowded; but we found comfortable quarters, for which we were truly thankful. We had scarcely reached the hotel before a part of our mission was made plain to us. A young woman from Butler County had received tidings that her husband had lost his leg, and she left her home to attend upon him. She begged to be allowed to go with us, as an opportunity to lie down on the floor was all she asked. The poor thing had not slept since hearing the bad news. We succeeded in finding a place for her as well as for ourselves. At daybreak the next morning she made her toilet and

bade us good-bye, and we saw her no more. It is something to be able to speak a friendly word to these strangers in distress.

Early in the morning, in company with Mrs. Curtis and other ladies from Philadelphia, we rode in an ambulance to our field of labor, some four miles beyond the town, and in this we go and return each morning and evening. The aspect of the camp hospital of the Second Army Corps is quite sufficient to fill the stoutest heart with dismay: long ranges of tents, in each one six to eight or ten men, who almost without exception have suffered amputation. It is the office of the ladies to prepare nourishing and stimulating food for these unfortunate brothers. Condensed milk and canned meats are what we depend upon in this emergency. Fresh meat is not to be had upon any terms. Milk punch by the bucketful, and cornstarch flavored with brandy, are indispensable, and tea and coffee and toast are highly prized luxuries. We find a great many Maine boys, chiefly of the 19th Maine. There are also many from Minnesota. In most of the tents the rebels lie side by side with our own Union soldiers, which is a cross

to many. The difference between the two is great indeed,—the one all fortitude and true courage; the others perfectly abject and hopeless, with a few exceptions, and these are proud, defiant, and ungrateful. Dead men are being carried out to be buried every hour of the day. They are laid to rest under a tree, the spot marked by a small strip of board or the lid of a box, with the name rudely cut with a pocket-knife or marked with a pencil by some kind-hearted comrade. Wrapped in a blanket, they are put in the ground till some relation or friend comes, either to remove the sleeping dust to the old home that shall know them no more forever, or to bury them in the beautiful "Evergreen Cemetery," so famous as a battle-ground.

A Maine boy died yesterday, quite near to the spot where the ladies' tents are pitched. I stood by a fine, intelligent-looking Massachusetts man a day or two ago, whose life was ebbing away, and after repeating some passages of Scripture, I was able to sing,

"There is a happy land!"

Ah! how little were the surroundings like those of a New England home!

On Sunday morning, a plain-looking woman arrived from Michigan, to find that her only brother had been buried ten days. We gave her some refreshment, and she joined in a short religious service at our tent. Rev. Mr. Adams, of Maine, was present. We sang, "Coronation," "Soldiers of Christ, arise!" and "Rock of Ages." Mrs. Hughes, the stranger, worked hard all day, assisting in whatever was to be done. We prepared for toasting, and dispensed an entire barrel of bread. The day previous, a young widow, in precisely the same circumstances, assisted in making dipped toast, which was wonderfully enjoyed. Three or four soldiers are detailed to wait upon the ladies. One calls himself Bridget, and washes dishes all day. Another splits wood and attends to the stoves, of which we have three. How grateful our soldiers are to the ladies for their labors of love, you can hardly imagine. You can see their eyes brighten, when we pause at the door of a tent to inquire how they are thriving. Boxes of everything are constantly received,—manna in the wilderness, providential supplies for time of need.

But I must close. I remained in town to day

ARMY MEDICAL LIBRARY
375309
WASH

to rest, feeling much worn out. We all feel that the Lord has given us strength for time of need, or we never could have done what we have. Love to the brotherhood and to Abbie. Good-bye.

E. B. S.

MRS. M. L. THACHER,
Rockland, Maine.

GETTYSBURG, July 22, 1863.
Thursday noon.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Mrs. Campion has deputized me to reply to your very kind note, and to thank you in the name of our suffering defenders for your timely gifts. We have been greatly blessed in our mission in every respect. We have been able to see and supply the urgent necessities of our noble soldiers. We have inquired often for New Jersey boys, but I think have found none.

We are in the Second Corps' hospital in the field. This corps suffered more heavily, we are told, than any other, having been in the fore part of the hottest battle. When we first went among the tents, we saw sights and heard sounds enough

to make the stoutest heart quail, but the Lord has blessed us with strength for the time of need. In a few days the improvement has been wonderful. Those who rally after amputation for the most part improve wonderfully, and those who fail, go down with surprising rapidity.

Almost every State is represented here, but there are a great number of New York men, many Pennsylvanians, many Minnesotians, many from Maine and from Ohio. Our soldiers manifest, almost without exception, a lofty courage and devotion to the cause of our country, which must excite our heartfelt sympathy and admiration. A young man from Erie, a Captain in the 145th Regiment P. V., when speaking of the loss of his leg, remarked with a flashing eye, that he would willingly have lost his arm also, if Lee's army had been utterly routed and destroyed.

We have been so much engaged that we have had no time to visit the other field hospitals, nor yet the hospitals in the town. An ambulance calls for us quite early in the morning, and brings us back in the evening, very weary and glad to rest. Almost every hour has its own experience to tell.

The inmates of many houses hid themselves in their cellars. The rebels lay all about the streets and in the yards.

A young woman near at hand spent five days in a cellar, with her four little children, sitting on barrel heads, with two feet of water in the cellar, eating only crackers and crying for water. At last she ventured to the door to go for it, when a rebel took the bucket from her hand and brought the water, as he said it would be certain death for her, the bullets were flying so fast. And this poor thing had a baby, four weeks old, in her arms. She looks very bright now, and the Adjutant of the 17th Maine is being nursed in her house. A Captain in an Ohio regiment died yesterday directly opposite to the house where we are staying, another wounded man lying on the floor in the same room, and the Captain's wife in spasms all day. It was pitiful to witness the efforts at consolation made by her son, a little fellow in uniform, who had been with his father in the army, although a mere child.

A constant procession of coffins meets the eye; groups of men, standing in the fields, searching for

the name of some friend or brother. The town has been filled with people on these mournful errands. I cut a beautiful lock of black hair from the head of a young man belonging to the New York 64th Regiment, Rowland Ormsby, and sent it to his mother, with an oak leaf that grew directly over his tent. Two days after, the father came, but we did not see him. The Lieutenant-Colonel of a North Carolina regiment is in the same tent with several of these New York boys. He says he shall never again fight against the flag, but henceforth belongs to the 64th New York. Colonel Bingham, of this regiment, I met last summer at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. He was suffering at that time from a wound received at Fair Oaks, from a minnie ball. The chaplain of the 64th, like several others that we have seen, looks worn and weary from incessant toil.

No one can estimate the value of pieces of old sheets, or indeed of the smallest rag, who has not been in such a place as this, and the poorest shirt, drawers, or pantaloons, is a real blessing. Our supplies are like the manna of old. We find a want, and while we are speaking of it, help is at hand.

On Monday morning there was no bread, none in the ladies' tents, none in the Christian Commission tent, none in the Commissary's stores; but directly a wagon drove up loaded with supplies, brought by two kind damsels,—mammoth loaves of home-made bread, fresh eggs, and a pot of butter, beside other things. And so it is with clothing. We must adopt for our motto, "The Lord will provide."

But I must close with a renewal of our thanks both for yourselves and the friends who have aided you.

Very sincerely, yours,

E. B. S.

Misses Sue and Anna Shreeve,
Mount Holly, New Jersey.

Gettysburg, July 27, 1863.
Monday morning.

Mrs. S. F. Ashton,
Sharon Springs.

Dear Eliza: You have doubtless heard through some member of the family, that instead of going to Cape May with the children, to "our cot beside the sea," I had, in company with three other ladies, made a journey to Gettysburg, to do what we could

for our suffering soldiers. We left home two weeks ago to-day, and arrived here at eleven o'clock Tuesday night.

After an early breakfast, we rode in an ambulance about four miles to the field hospital of the Second Corps. You have perhaps noticed in the papers that this corps suffered more than any other, having borne the brunt of the heaviest fighting. The scenes in every tent were most appalling. The poor nurses were quite worn out with their wearisome days and wearisome nights, and many of the surgeons looked very much worn in the hard service they had performed. We were told, however, that the aspect of things was much improved from what it had been. The ladies did not get fairly to work in the way of cooking till the afternoon of our arrival, when their tents were set up a little aside from the camp and their stoves and stores arranged. We were very near to the Christian Commission tent, and their supplies were always at our service, if anything was wanting which we had not.

On Monday evening last, after tea, we received a telegram, and found on opening it that four

gentlemen were at Hanover Junction, and would be here during the evening. We were all quite astonished, as we had not an idea of seeing our better halves at this time. The next day they made a tour of the battle-field, the Cemetery, the Seminary, the College, and Round Top, and then rode to the camp to see us at work. An old Dutchman who drove one of the vehicles, wanted to know how much those ladies were paid per diem. He had heard that they had ten dollars a day! On Thursday, after the gentlemen left, the camp was changed to another location, known as "the clover field," a change which was very needful on every account. The moving was a very serious matter. It was necessary to carry every man on a stretcher, about a third of a mile. The tents were taken down and moved beforehand. It was pitiful to see the faces of many of these men, who feared and dreaded to be moved, and yet exhibited a degree of fortitude which was truly wonderful. A Massachusetts boy, with a mischief-loving eye, amused me by his remark, that "he wished he had only lost a toe, so that he would not have to carry any more men over the run." I told him we would call

for Doctor Hayward directly (a Boston surgeon), and have it taken off. The hospital is now located on a beautiful ridge, open to sun and air, and forms a hollow square. The ladies' tents are in a little hollow, among the trees. It is a lovely spot. A bright stream flows close to the encampment, and the water is good. The former encampment was shaded with forest trees, which prevented the sun and wind from exerting their purifying influences.

We find great numbers of the Nineteenth Maine here, and of the First Minnesota. The Colonel of the latter regiment is well acquainted with my brother Joseph. A great many New Yorkers are here also, especially of the Sixty-fourth regiment, many from Massachusetts and from Ohio, and some from almost every State. The Pennsylvania soldiers are in force. A friend sent to me a bottle, containing some preparation considered valuable for dressing a wound, directed to a member of the Seventy-third Reg., Third Division, Second Corps. I went to a tent of the Third Division and inquired if any one in the tent belonged to that regiment. A pleasant-faced young man, lying on the front

stretcher, promptly answered, "Yes." "What is his name?" said I. He gave me his own name, Joseph K——, the very person I was looking for.

The rebels at the Second Corps are, for the most part, from North Carolina, a number from Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and also from the Old Dominion. Dressed in tatters, "unshorn and unkempt," squalid and utterly forlorn, they are indeed poor representatives of the boasted chivalry. R. H. was here, the miserable fellow acting as chaplain to the Louisiana Tigers, but I did not happen to see him. For a Northern man with Southern principles, I have the most thorough contempt.

Tuesday, 28th.—I have not been well enough for two or three days to go to the field. On Sunday, I was really sick all day and the greater part of yesterday. This morning I thought I would ride to the Seminary hospital and see what was wanted there, for our stores seem like the widow's cruse, always being replenished, and we all look much the worse of our experiences here. I don't know what Sarah may decide to do, but our little company will probably depart by Thursday. To-

morrow we shall visit the battle-field and other points of interest, and then I feel ready to go. The rebel General Trimble is at the Seminary hospital. I felt some curiosity to see him, but he is under guard and not to be seen without a special permit, and I have seen as many rebels as I care to see for the rest of my days. The ward-master who took me to the top of the building, whence there is a splendid panoramic view, says the General is very fierce-looking. I understand he receives a splendid dinner daily from the bounty of some sympathizer. Some *ladies* from Baltimore made themselves a name and a fame, a few days since, by furnishing citizens' clothes for some rebels to flee in. They stole several horses, and made their escape, but most of them were retaken. After leaving the Seminary, I paid a visit to the Sanitary Commission tent, near the railroad. I wanted some brandy for an Ohio soldier, who was lying very near death, directly opposite our boarding-house. It was given me in an oddly shaped bottle, which I intend to preserve as a memento. They gave me also a couple of cans of condensed milk, which was all I could manage. I had the most melancholy-looking vehicle and the most miserable

horse that ever were seen in a civilized country, and the little boy who drove had hard work to get over the ground at all. The country around Gettysburg is really charming.

The town lies in a valley, and the position that the rebels took at Seminary Hill commanded the whole place. This was at the close of the first day's fight, which took place in the rear of the Seminary, and it was here that General Reynolds fell, a noble martyr, in a glorious cause. They planted a battery at this point, and for two days they were jubilant, expecting to carry everything before them. At the close, however, of the third day, their hearts began to fail as they heard the repeated cheers of our men, the reinforcements marching up the Cemetery Hill, at the other end of the town, our noble Pennsylvania Reserves, with "*Pennsylvania*," for their war-cry, coming to the rescue. But a volume might be filled with the incidents that we hear from day to day. The people staid in their cellars, huddled together, women and children.

I hope you are improving in health. Good-bye.

Your affectionate sister,

EMILY.

GETTYSBURG, July 27, 1863.
Wednesday evening.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:

I have just returned from the hospital, and received your telegram. I am thankful to hear such good news. I wrote to you yesterday that we should be ready to go home to-morrow; but our visit to the battle-field has been postponed, and a heavy rain to-night, I am afraid, will prevent us to-morrow. We learn this evening that the ambulances are all ordered to join the regiments to which they belong. At all events, the Second Corps is being moved to the General Hospital with all convenient despatch. Dr. Duinelle said that the surgeons were wanted with their regiments, which made concentration necessary. One hundred men, he said, could not be moved for two weeks. I think Sarah will go to the General Hospital, and would like to see her settled there, with some one to aid her. We do not feel satisfied to leave her alone.

We will try to go around to the different hospitals in the town. The sick have been removed from several of the churches, and the process of

purifying is going on very energetically. The Third and Fifth Corps are being brought into the General Hospital, which is near the railroad. The Twelfth Corps is entirely removed; the Eleventh nearly so. The ambulances and litters are constantly passing through the town. This morning, the poor wearied horses attached to the ambulance refused to carry their burden up Cemetery Hill, and we alighted and walked quite a distance toward the camp. We passed several litters, the bearers and the wounded soldiers all resting a little by the way. Several of them offered us the flowers they had gathered in some demolished garden. As we received them I said, "*Your* garlands shall be green, and they shall last forever." One of the number responded with deep feeling, "They ought to, ma'am. We have worked hard enough for them." We found to-day a kind woman from Minnesota, Mrs. Milliken, attending to several poor fellows from that State. I received a note from ——, at the hospital, this afternoon. Mrs. Waterman we have not yet seen, but will inquire for her to-morrow. The Ohio soldier, who seemed to be doing so well at Mr. Comfort's

house, died yesterday. His poor wife was with him, and had the comfort of knowing that her husband was prepared for the great change.

I hope to hear from home to-morrow. Good night.

E. B. S.

E. A. Souder, Esq.,
Philadelphia.

Gettysburg, July 29, 1863.

My dear Brother:

I inclose an appeal "to the patriotic throughout the land," which so completely and entirely expresses what I have many times felt and said, that when I saw this in print, I begged the privilege of cutting it from the newspaper, that I might forward it to you. Pray publish it in your papers and have it disseminated through the State, that the "Sons of Dirigo" may not sleep in neglected graves.

A perpetual procession of coffins is constantly passing to and fro, and so it has been ever since we have been here; strangers looking for their dead on every farm and under every tree. I have said to several who proposed removal, "The Cemetery at Gettysburg is the most honorable

burying-place a soldier can have. Like Mount Vernon, it will be a place of pilgrimage for the nation."

It is proposed that each of the States should take action in the matter, and purchase a piece of ground, near the Cemetery, where the noble dead may be gathered from the fields and hillsides, where they were hastily buried, and where the ploughshare may turn the bones up to the light of day. Evergreen Cemetery is a lovely spot,—a noble resting-place for the noble dead.

A young man of the 19th Maine died last Tuesday. Everything that day was hurry and bustle, as the encampment was being removed to a new spot at some distance from the former one. I prevailed, however, on the nurse, with the authority of the ward-master, to put a clean shirt and drawers on him, and they promised to let me know when he was buried. When called, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Campion and Miss Raymond went with me to the spot where the body of this Maine boy lay, in a wide, shallow grave, beside a Pennsylvanian, each wrapped in his blanket, and the name of each written on paper pinned on his breast. I returned to camp, the men detailed for this duty agreeing to

wait, and found the Rev. Mr. Parvin, who performed the burial service. Very often through the day we see dead men carried out. Indeed, I have learned to know whether the person carried on the stretcher is dead or living, by noticing whether he is carried with his head or his feet toward the shoulders of his bearers.

I met, a few days ago, the surgeon of the 19th Maine, Dr. Leavenseller, I think. He told me that his father and you were great friends. From him I learned that Captain Smith, of Co. I, was shot through the lungs, and died very shortly after. We have taken much interest in these Maine boys. Some of them are splendid men.

Evening.—I have been at the hospital to-day, and saw Thomas Little, of Co. I. He told me that Captain Smith died in an ambulance, but no one knows whether he is buried here, or if his body has been sent home. I will look near the Cemetery, where he fell, for his name. The surgeon sent his regards to you. To-night, I have a telegram. "All well at Cape May."

Your affectionate sister,

EMILY.

P. THACHER, ESQ.,
Rockland, Maine.

Letter from a young Officer of the 118th Reg. P. V. written on the Battle-field.

AT A HALT NEAR GETTYSBURG,
July 2, 1863. Thursday noon.

I wrote you last from bivouac near Myersville, Md., on the 30th, which letter as yet I have been unable to mail. At 10 A. M. on the 1st of July we left bivouac near Myersville and marched towards the Pennsylvania line. As soon as we had passed the line, the colors were unfurled and the drums were beaten, and three times three cheers were given for the Keystone State. The men seemed imbued with new spirits. In fact everybody seemed in a good humor; all were determined to give the rebels a rough shake for their impudence. We took the road leading toward Hanover. At every assemblage of houses we passed by on the road, the drums were beaten, and the regular step was kept. When within half a mile of Hanover, we halted and stacked arms, and preparations were made to remain all night. We had just got comfortably fixed, when orders were received to push forward to Gettysburg. This order was anything but agreeable to us; all hands were completely

tired out by continued marching. We started at 5½ o'clock P. M., to make a march of some fifteen miles. The men being chafed and footsore, the march was painfully made. The Colonel kept the drums and fifes beating and playing continually, which was the only thing that kept the men up. It is singular how inspiring music is to a used-up soldier. We passed through the towns of Cherrysburg and Brushtown, and halted at 12½ o'clock P. M., about five miles from Gettysburg, and turned in, with orders to move at five o'clock in the morning. At 4½ o'clock this morning, we were routed up and marched to within three miles of Gettysburg. We then struck a road leading to the Baltimore turnpike. We could hear heavy firing toward Gettysburg. We were formed several times in line of battle on the right of the road, and then moved to the left and formed in line of battle, and ordered to rest, from which rest I write you. We are at present on the second line of battle, the First and Twelfth Corps being in the first. The rebels are in possession of Gettysburg at present, and our pickets are on the outskirts.

Friday, July 3, 1863.—I was obliged to stop

writing yesterday, on account of orders being received to move to the front. We marched up the turnpike, and took a position in front to the left of the turnpike. When assuming this position, we passed through an immense clover field. I found a four-leafed clover, which I inclose as a sort of relic of the fight. We had been in line of battle about half an hour, when our pickets in front commenced firing rapidly. They shortly afterwards were drawn in. We waited anxiously for the enemy to make their appearance. We were not kept long in suspense, as heavy bodies of infantry were seen moving up towards our left and afterwards upon our right. We then showered into the rebels a volley, which mowed them down by hundreds. We kept up the firing for some time, when finding the brigade on our left moving back, and heavy columns forming on our flank, we were ordered to fall back. It was a beautiful sight to see the rebels attempting the flank movement. They kept well closed and never offered to return the fire which was poured at them, but they seemed devoted to one object before firing,—that was to get our flank. After we had assumed the second position and

continued the firing for some time, we were relieved by the Pennsylvania Reserves, a fine and large body of men, who have lately been assigned to our corps, to form our Third Division. We then moved to the rear and assumed a position in the third line of battle, in which line we stopped all night, under orders to move at a moment's notice. We have not as yet, this seven o'clock A. M., left this position. Owing to our fine position when engaged, we lost but one man killed in our company, Corporal Caldwell. Other companies, I believe, suffered more, although at present it is impossible to tell. We had three officers wounded in our regiment, Captain Davids, Lieutenant Inman, and Lieutenant Wilson. I inclose a photograph of Wilson, which he gave me some time ago. While I write, the cannonading is going on heavily. I have just been informed of the death of Captain Davids.

Saturday, July 4.—I am patiently waiting an opportunity to mail the letters I have written. There is very little prospect of doing so at present. At 8 A. M. we left the position in the third line and moved towards the left about a mile, and took

a position on a rocky hill in the front line of battle. The hill seemed to be fortified by nature in part. I, in all my experience, never saw such a natural fortification. There is a perfect wall of stone, behind which our men are posted. On Thursday the rebels had attempted to take this wall, but they were repulsed with considerable slaughter. We were annoyed somewhat by the enemy's sharpshooters and also by occasional shell, all day yesterday. In the afternoon, cannonading on our right became perfectly terrific. It continued incessantly for some three hours. Towards evening the firing ceased, and according to report, we had considerably the best of the rebels. A report was in circulation last evening, of the capture of the rebel General A. P. Hill and also of the death of General Longstreet. At dark the rebels fell back and burnt one of their wagon trains, being unable to get it off, as our boys on the right pressed them so closely. Last night we had quite a shower of rain, but this morning it is clearing off. One of the rebel prisoners said they had been informed by their officers that they would have only a body of raw militia to fight here and for them to pitch in

with a will, but they soon found to the contrary. Quite a number of the Pennsylvania Reserves are from this section of the country. One of them yesterday was fighting on his father's farm. Up to 7½ o'clock A. M., everything is quiet. Our Colonel received information this morning that there were two rebel brigades directly in front of us. The boys seemed anxious to give the rebels a haze from our natural fortifications. This time last year I was at Harrison's Landing, at which time I made a march of some three miles without a shoe on my right foot, having lost it in the deep mud. This makes the second Fourth I have spent away from home. I have just found that the late Captain Davids' colored man is about going home. I shall get him to mail this and the letter I wrote at Myersville. Sergeant Doane is all right and is with us. With much love to all the family, I am affectionately your son.

National Poems.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

NATIONAL POEMS.

A Song for the Union.

Who fired the first shot at the Star of the West?*
Let the name of a *traitor* be stamped on his breast!
Unworthy to dwell 'neath the shade of the tree,
Our forefathers planted to shelter the free.

* The insult to our flag here alluded to, took place early in the winter of 1861, in Charleston harbor, and filled all loyal hearts with indignation. A Southern writer, in the spirit of exultation and vain-glory which has since been so generally manifested by the "chivalry," asked the question, "Who fired the first shot at the Star of the West?"

Oh! false to the Union all true men must love,
The scorn of all nations this deed shall approve;
No eagle high soaring shall watch thy last sleep,
Where vultures and buzzards their vigils will keep.

Carolina! thy star has gone out in the night,—
No longer floats o'er thee our banner so bright,
Base traitors are luring thy footsteps astray,
While folly and madness thy counsellors sway!

Oh! pause, for the blood that thy fathers have spilt
Calls out from the ground, all amazed at thy guilt,
Repent thee, and still as of yore be thy pride,
That bravely for freedom they suffered and died.

Alas! for the hopes of a down-trodden world,
When the Stars and the Stripes are no longer unfurled;
Alas! for the ears that shall hear the sad knell,
When brothers no longer in unity dwell!

An Appeal to Arms.

INSCRIBED TO THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

On Freedom's altar glows a fire,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Which never, never shall expire;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
The traitors have the war begun,
But we're for Union, to a man,
And ever fight in Freedom's van.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Keystone State is hallowed ground,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Here Independence Hall is found;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll leave our workshops, forges, all,
And answer to our country's call,
Which bids us on base traitors fall.
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Our trust is in our righteous cause,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our Constitution and our laws;
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Where'er our flag is floating high,
We'll march to death or victory,
And freemen evermore be free!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Then quick respond to war's appeal,
To arms! To arms! To arms!
Ye men with hearts as true as steel,
To arms! To arms! To arms!
Our glorious Union let us save,
Once more our flag o'er Sumter wave,
And treason find an early grave!
To arms! To arms! To arms!

A Lament.

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places."

Sad tidings are sweeping o'er valley and hill,
And tear-drops of anguish ten thousand eyes fill,
The hearts of our people are breaking to-day,—
Our brave-hearted Ellsworth is taken away!
No more shall his war-cry be heard on the gale,
Though still at his name shall the traitor turn pale;
Let the flag of the nation his winding-sheet be,—
Young Ellsworth, thy country is mourning for thee!

When treason was lifting her banner on high,
Swift, swift, to the rescue thy Zouaves did fly;

He struck down that banner, and thus sealed his
doom—
Alas! for the loved ones who wait him at home.
His name shall be treasured, his noble deeds sung,
The myrtle and laurel shall garland his tomb,
And sad-hearted pilgrims this epitaph read,—
"To die for one's country is glory indeed!"

A Song of Welcome.

INSCRIBED TO THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MAINE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR: "Hail to the Chief!"

SONS of Dirigo! we joyfully greet you,
Clad in the armor of justice and truth;
Firm as the pine tree, when foemen shall meet you,
Stand by the banner you've loved from your youth.
Soon may that banner wave,
Over each traitor's grave;
Crushed be the treason, triumphant the right,
While the whole land shall ring,
Praise to Jehovah King,
Who nerves the arm and the heart for the fight!

Sons of Dirigo! mareh onward to glory!
Green be your laurels and safe your return;
Proudly your kindred shall list to the story,
Proud, though in sorrow your loss they may mourn.
Free as the ocean wind,
Still may your country find
Each to his duty true,—swift to obey;
Thus shall the Sons of Maine,
Honor and victory gain,
While the whole world owns Columbia's sway!

The Capture of the St. Nicholas.

A FEAT OF THE SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

The noble States Confederate
(Doubt not the honest story),
Declined a woman's just request,*
Thus adding to their glory.

'Twas marvellous to Northern men,
This need of woman's gear,
But now the use they have for it,
Most plainly doth appear.

* Governor Letcher refused to give up the wardrobe of Mrs. Bradford and that of her daughter, under the plea that it was reserved for the use of the Confederate States.

The Old Dominion well may keep
The raiment of her daughters,
To deck her sons, so bold and brave,
When cruising in her waters.

The man that leaves his country's flag
In time of country's danger,
Should cease in man's attire to brag,
To manly heart a stranger.

Still must we think another robe
Much better would befit him;
The tar that drips from Southern pines,
With plumes of birds there flitting.

The Volunteer Refreshment Saloons of Philadelphia.

A BLESSING on the noble hands
That spread this wayside feast!
Of all the good these times have wrought
This surely is not least.

We thought the fires were long since dead
That burned so bright of yore;
That self and mammon claimed the place
Our *country* held before.

We've learned, thank God, a better faith,
From what our eyes have seen:
Wander we near the Delaware,
And by the wayside glean.

Behold the bounteous tables spread
"Free for the Volunteer!"
Delicious food for hungry men,
With coffee hot and clear.

Kind words and smiles are ready, too,
For these true-hearted men,
Recalling oft the distant homes
They ne'er may see again.

At early dawn, at midnight dark,
The gates stand open wide;
As flow the rivers to the sea,
Still moves the patriot tide.

"Onward to Washington!" the cry,
Oft uttered and again;
"Onward!" the echoing hills reply,
With tramp of armed men.

And ever to supply their need
This generous feast is set;
Open your hands, ye favored ones,
And ne'er this cause forget!

Let not the soldier hence depart,
Without your kindly care;
Give freely, as you have received,
And thus the blessing share.

The Young Patriot.

A TRUE STORY.

"Mother! pray look at the sunset to-night,
Look at the clouds floating onward in light;
Who made the sky, where bright angels must dwell?
Answer me quickly, dear mother, and tell."

"God made the lily, so lowly and pure,
God made the mountains, which long shall endure;
He made the sparrow, and watches its fall,
And the sky which so lovingly bends over all."

"Look, mother, look at the glorious west!
All things in glory and beauty are dressed;
Lovely the cloud-tints, all red, white and blue—
God's for the Union! dear mother, 'tis true!"

A Welcome Home to the National Guards,

ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE THREE MONTHS' SERVICE, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR.

A WELCOME to the gallant Guard,
From far-famed Baltimore!
A welcome, full of honest pride,
A pride scarce known before;
For, answering to their country's call,
They bade their friends good-bye,
While fond hearts ached, and tears fell fast
From many a mother's eye.

The morning drum and noontide drill
Found each one at his post;
Promptly all duties they fulfilled,
Nor one bright moment lost.
They've borne the sneers that traitors fling
On all true-hearted men;
However bitter was the sting,
They answered not again;
Proving in this a noble power
To rule themselves in trying hour!

Then when each face was homeward turned,
A call came forth to stay,
And promptly every man replied,
Nor murmured at delay;
"Further, if need be, we'll remain,
For twenty days or more;"
And laurels fair they thus have gained,
Even in Baltimore!

Our city greets the gallant Guard,
From far-famed Baltimore;
A greeting full of honest pride,
A pride scarce known before!
Ah! many a heart is glad to-night,
That long has sighed for sorrow,
And many a brow long overcast,
Shall beam with smiles to-morrow!

Knitting for the Army.

INSCRIBED TO A LADY OF CHRIST CHURCH.

All honor to the noble dame,
Of fourscore years and seven;
To loyal heart and willing hand,
Let honor due be given.
While youth and health the needles ply,
And knit the livelong day,
We look with loving pride on her
Who soon must pass away,
Yet wearies not, in hour of need,
When faithful sons for country bleed,
To guard their feet from winter's cold,
Thus comforting the soldier bold.

Six pairs of hose, her busy hands
  Have hastened to prepare;
A happy soldier must he be,
  Whose feet these good socks wear.
The colors of our country's flag
  They also bring to view,
And heart and eye alike are cheered
  With the red, white and blue:
So soft and warm and smoothly knit,
A soldier's foot they well will fit;
Grateful must prove the favored one,
When told whose hands the work has done.

Another charm the soft wool holds,—
  Let me the secret tell:
Three times, the loyal *thirty-four*
  Within the circle dwell.
A stitch for every silver star—
Woe to the hand that seeks to mar
The flag that floats o'er land and sea,
Emblem, my country dear, of thee!

Withered the arm of every foe
That aims at thee a deadly blow;
Palsied the traitor's serpent tongue,
Poisoning the fountain whence he sprung!

Our Flag.

Aye! rally boys around the Flag!
Guard well each silken fold,
For what that flag is worth to man,
Can ne'er in words be told;
Keep it, as you would keep your hearts,
From stain of error free,
Love it, as you must love your homes,
Your God—your liberty!

Oh! life were but a worthless boon,
If liberty were dead,
For with the loss of liberty
The *soul* of life has fled.

The air we breathe—the ground we tread—
Are free alike to all,
Yet free no more, if, traitor-like,
We see our banner fall.

We have a goodly heritage,
Won by our fathers' blood;
We will not prove unworthy sons,
But stand, as erst they stood,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the field
Where death and danger dwell,
And never, never can we yield
The Flag we love so well!

'Tis sweet and right, the poet wrote,
For country dear to die,
Then let us *live* beneath its folds,
Or 'neath its shadow lie.
Emblem of all our dearest hopes,
Beneath these lower skies,
To loftiest height, in Freedom's might,
Our starry Flag shall rise!

"Let us Work while it is called To-day."

Brothers! sisters! God forgive us!
We have slept a leaden sleep:
Let us rouse us from our slumbers,
Lest too late, we mourn and weep.

Sorrow reigns in many a household,
Ours the task those tears to dry;
Light may break amidst the darkness,
Sunlight cause the clouds to fly.

Have we cheered the broken-hearted,
Fed the hungry, clothed the poor,
In the spirit of our Master,
Sought the needy sufferer's door?

Brave men leave their home and kindred,
Battling sternly for the right;
Sad the home and bleak the hearthstone,
When the father falls in fight.

Never let the mourning widow
Shed her bitter tears alone,
Never let a soldier's children,
Find instead of bread, a stone.

Sisters weep their brothers fallen,
Mothers mourn their sons laid low;
We must soothe the bitter sorrow,
And by kindness ease the blow.

Let us work! the night is coming
When our labors shall be o'er;
Let us work for God and country,
Till we reach the heavenly shore.

There is heard no din of battle;
Human woe or sin's dark stain
Those bright mansions cannot enter—
There the saints in glory reign.

Jewelled crowns each brow adorning,
Harps of gold in every hand;
Be it ours, as faithful servants,
With the ransomed there to stand!

A Tribute to Captain Worden.

Honor to Captain Worden,
The gallant and the brave!
Who came, in hour of greatest need,
Our noble fleet to save.
We'll join in grateful songs of praise.
And this shall be the burden
Which every loyal voice shall sing,—
Honor to Captain Worden!

With thrilling hearts and tearful eyes,
We read the mournful story,
Of those who found a watery grave,
Yet live, all decked with glory.

Their names shall stand on history's page,
And handed down from age to age.
The fate of that heroic band,
Who perished in the Cumberland.

Like fiends, the rebel crew approach,
And deal out death and slaughter;
The booming gun and bursting shell
Sound o'er the tranquil water.
Brave hearts and stalwart arms were there,
And swift the order to prepare,
While from the masts the flags shall fly
Until we conquer or we die!

The iron hail falls thick and fast—
In crowds our men are dying:
"Sink or surrender," is the cry—
"We'll *sink* with colors flying!"
Morris, the lion-hearted, said.
The rebel death-bolt quickly sped—
The iron prow the timbers shiver,
The oaken ribs sink in the river;

Yet, ere they sunk, those noble tars
Cheered yet again the Stripes and Stars!

But Worden's noble little craft,
The Monitor, drew near,
To save the honor of the Flag
To every freeman dear;
E'en in the teeth of that dread foe
He dealt the Rebel blow for blow.
Thanks be to God! she saved the day,
And victory's palm she bore away.

Shall we who sit in peace at home,
Our fireside bliss enjoying,
Our heartfelt tribute fail to bring
To him, our foes destroying?
Then join in grateful songs of praise,
And let this be the burden
Which every loyal heart shall sing,—
Honor to Captain Worden!

A Song for the Closing Year.

1862.

Stand by the President, honest and true!
Stand by the Cabinet,* each man true blue!
Stand by brave Burnside, our hope and our trust!
Stand by our cause, 'tis both righteous and just!

Woe! to the traitor, all covered with shame!
Infamy evermore rests on his name;
Base and black-hearted he ever must be,
Who could be false, my dear country, to thee!

* The hearts of the people were filled with anxiety and dismay, at the close of the year 1862, by rumors which were rife of a change in the Cabinet.

Clouds are around us, but God is above,
Working his will both in mercy and love;
Light from the darkness he surely will bring,—
Trust in the Lord, your Jehovah and King!

Bow down your hearts then in penitent prayer,
Turn from your sins and to Jesus repair,
Learn to do well and from evil refrain;
Never his people shall seek him in vain.

Thus shall the darkness be turned into day,
Thus shall the wrath of the Lord pass away,
Red-handed war with its horrors shall cease,
And all may rejoice in the blessings of peace.

Sympathy from Germany.

In the hour of our darkness, a soft gleam of light
Comes o'er the ocean to cheer the sad night;
We have bright lights at home 'mid the horrors of war,
But sweet is the star-beam of love from afar!

Have you heard of our brothers, far over the sea,
And their tender love for the suffering free?
Of the fourscore bales of linen fine,
Sent by our friends on the distant Rhine,*

* Over eighty packages of fine linen and lint, many of them of immense size, were sent to this country, per steamer, each package marked, "For the wounded defenders of the United States, from Bavaria, Rhine."

For the men who have nobly fought to save
The birthright, the blood of our fathers gave,
Who have stood by our flag when the battle raged
high,
Content, 'neath its broad folds to conquer or die?

Linen and lint for the gaping wound,
Won upon freedom's battle-ground;
Each scar an honor, in years to come,
When the olive branch waves over Liberty's home.
Grateful and cooling the linen must prove,
Sent o'er the sea with a brother's love;
Fragrant with sympathy, earnest and warm,
For our noble eagle, now breasting the storm.
His talons firm grasping the arrows of war,
His eye fixed unflinching on Freedom's bright star.

Old England, so friendly in days that are past,
Has bowed to the crisis and bent to the blast,
To *cotton* alone will she bend her proud knee.
She joins with the rebels in crushing the free.

The heart of our mother, Old England, has grown
Cold as an icicle, hard as a stone!
The wrongs we have suffered, the noble blood shed,
Are blots on her 'scutcheon and dust on her head;
Her forges have shaped all the weapons of death,
Her bullets have sped and we mourned the lost
breath;
Her sympathies given to false-hearted knaves,
The rebels, who fain would see Northern men slaves;
Her glory departed—oh! never again
Can England be to us what England has been!

An Apostrophe to Traitors.

INSCRIBED TO THE LEADERS OF THE COPPERHEADS.

Who heads the roll of Infamy,
  Traitor in word and deed?
Inscribe it high, in blackest dye,
  That he who runs may *read*.
We've heard him prate in days gone by
  Of his ancestral fame;
Now he would act base Arnold's part,
  And glories in his shame.

What name befits the craven soul,
  Who sees her life-blood flow,
Whose sheltering arms his childhood nursed.
  Nor strikes for her one blow;
Nay more, who strives with fiendish art
  To stay the avenger's arm,
Nor turns from the maternal heart
  The shaft of deadly harm?

The tender memories of the past
  Have in his heart no room;
Condemned of God and scorned of men,
  He waits his final doom;
An immortality of shame
  Shall be his sole reward,
A dark inheritance of fame,
  To be by all abhorred!

Our country bleeds and traitors smile.
  And scout the purpose high
To fight beneath our starry flag,
  To conquer or to die.

Never to yield the heritage
Our fathers nobly won,
Nor see go out, in midnight dark,
The light of Freedom's sun.

What do ye in the loyal North,
Ye base-born, treacherous crew?
Go, drink beneath the Southern skies
The scorn so justly due!
E'en rebels spurn your servile cant,
While using you as tools;
Go, find your home, base sycophants,
The paradise of fools!

A Response to the Governor's Call for Troops

FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE STATE.

Come to the rescue! come, fight for your firesides!
This is no season to wrangle or sneer;
Say, will you wait till they tread on your hearth-stones?
How can you linger when rebels are near?

Forward! quick! forward! the foe is advancing!
Their sabres aloft, "Fire and pillage!" their cry.
Fail not nor falter, though countless their numbers.
Ours be the glory to triumph or die.

Forward! quick! forward! brave sons of the Keystone!
Fight for the flag 'neath whose shelter we dwell;
Black-hearted traitors are seeking your ruin,
Hatred and rage in their bosoms now swell.

Hatred for all that our sires held most holy—
Rage, that their pride in the dust is laid low;
Haste! for their footsteps are pressing your border—
Arm! brothers, arm! meet the false-hearted foe!

"God and our Country!" our watchword henceforward;
Sweet home and kindred, we bid you farewell!
Brave hearts we love, but the *traitor* and *coward*
Are scorned and detested wherever they dwell.

Crossing the Border.

We've left the land of slaves behind,
We tread the loyal North,
Now throw our banner to the wind,
Our flag of priceless worth,
Beneath whose folds the sons of earth
Find rest and refuge sure,
And here may Freedom hold her home,
While sun and stars endure!

With weary feet and aching limbs,
We've marched both night and day,
Nor murmured when the burning sun
Shone fiercely on our way;

Now, as we tread on Northern soil,
Vigor and strength return,
And filled with zeal to try our steel,
To meet the foe we burn.

All honor to the Keystone,
The glory of the arch!
Her swift response, when country calls,
"Fall in, boys! forward! march!"
When Sumter stirred the nation's heart,
The Keystone led the van,
And schoolboys dropt their books to seize
The weapons of the man.

Nine cheers for the old Keystone!
Give them with heart and voice,
And onward push to Gettysburg,
While faithful men rejoice.
With fife and drum's glad music
We'll march our homes to save;
We'll live to see the rebels flee,
Or fill an honored grave.

This was Potomac's army,
Led on by General Meade,—
The story of those days of blood
All nations now may read;
Lee's baffled hordes retreating
In haste and wild dismay,
Lament the fields they hoped to reap
In Pennsylvania.

The Pilgrimage to Gettysburg.

THE BATTLE-GROUND OF FREEDOM.

They are coming—they are coming—
A band of saddened men,
To look for graves on hillside,
In valley and in glen.
We see them 'neath the oak tree,
And near the bending corn;
We see them in the fading light,
And in the early morn.

Oh! mournful are the stories
That we gather day by day,
Of those who fought and those who fell
In that long, bloody fray;

And mournful are the daily scenes
That greet the roving eye,
Of mothers sitting near the tent
To see their brave sons die.

More mournful still the sight of those
Who come too late to see
The *living* face of kinsmen dear,
Now sleeping silently.
Ah! all untold the longing
For some beloved one's face,
The mother's kiss, the father's voice,
The sister's fond embrace.

A soldier-boy lay in his tent,
As evening's shadows fell,
The seal of death was on his brow,
We saw and knew it well.
We paused to cut one raven lock,
And pluck one oaken leaf;
A stranger's hand could do no more
To soothe a mother's grief.

The wives have left their little ones
In quiet homes afar,
To watch beside the couch of pain,
Where heroes dream of war.
Ah! never more the father's foot
Shall tread his home again,
Death claims him now, though spared before
Upon the battle plain.

From far-off Minnesota,
From Michigan, from Maine—
Where mountain streams are flashing
'Twixt fields of golden grain,
Where the gray rocks are lifting
Their battlements on high,
The soldiers of the Union
Have laid them down to die.

Vermont has sent her mountain boys,
New York her gallant sons;
Each loyal State, both east and west,
Has glorious laurels won!

The Bay State and Ohio,
  Have battled side by side,
And Pennsylvania's noble sons,
  On her own soil have died!

"The rebel foot treads Northern soil,—
  Quick to the rescue come!"
So rang the cry o'er hill and vale,
  While to the tap of drum
Men moved in quickly gathering ranks,
  To meet the invading foe;
The Lord of hosts the victory gave,
  And laid the rebels low!

The birthday of our nation!
  What glory new it wears,
All purified and sanctified
  By grateful tears and prayers!
Millions unborn shall bless the day
  When patriots fought and died,
When wrong met right in open fight,
  And God was on our side!

Honor to our brave army,
And to brave General Meade!
The Keystone hails her honored son,
Faithful in word and deed.
Unfading be their laurels,
Undimmed their high renown;
If called on earth to suffer loss,
May heaven bestow a crown.

O brothers! build a monument,
In future years to tell
How much we prized the victory won,
And mourned for those who fell;
For those who saved the Keystone
From pillage and from flame;
For those who filled untimely graves,
Yet earned a deathless name!

Our Flag on Round Top,

AT GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

Our starry Flag in glory waves
On Round Top's lofty peak,
While every breeze that stirs its folds
Doth Freedom's triumph speak.
"The rebels from our soil we thrust!
Victory is ours! our cause is just!"

This turf once wet with loyal blood,
Henceforth is hallowed ground;
Here pilgrims come, with pious care
To mark each sacred mound.
For Freedom's cause 'twas theirs to die;
"Victory!" the echoing hills reply.

Never can perish from the earth
The record of their fame;
In softened tones we mourn their fate,
And breathe each honored name.
Still waves our banner broad and free,
And still the winds shout "Victory!"

Honor to those who bravely fought!
To those who nobly fell!
And ne'er forgot foul treason's blot,
Black as the lowest hell;
Where shrieking fiends secure their prey,
And traitors sink in dire dismay!

A Gift from Switzerland.

A Switzer mother sent a gift
Far over the deep blue sea,
To the distant land, where her son beloved
Fought the battles of the free.

A simple cup from the white wood turned,
Long since to her brave boy given,
Which his hand had filled and his lip had pressed,
Ere the old home ties were riven.

She filled it now with the bright red wine,
While a smile and a tear contend,
And her heart beat fast with thoughts of the past,
In which joy and sorrow blend.

"I drink to my son's new fatherland!"
This was the toast she gave,
"The land where the free must ever be,
And never the home of the slave."

A precious thing was this mother's gift,
With so many memories fraught,
A token of earnest sympathy
Which *cotton* has never bought.

For our country dear, full many a prayer
Ascends from the Alpine hills;
They blend with the voice of the mountain streams,
They sing in the murmuring rills.

Light Out of Darkness.

In memory of Captain William W. Dorr, 121st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell while commanding his regiment, near Spottsylvania, May 10, 1864.

Aged 26 Years.

A sunbeam on a mourning veil,
I saw one Sabbath day,
And swiftly on the wings of thought,
My fancy soared away.
Vanished the shadows of the tomb,
Vanished its darkness and its gloom;
And straightway rose upon my sight,
The glories of celestial day,
Where cometh neither death nor night,
And every tear is wiped away.

Why mourn for those who nobly fall,
In Freedom's holy fight,
Who yield their young lives in the strife,
For country and for right?
'Tis godlike for our land to die,
While holding Freedom's banner high!
'Tis glorious, in a noble cause,
To find a patriot's honored grave,
Upholding e'en till death the laws
Our patriot fathers gave!

Rather for those our hearts should mourn
Who see not in this hour,
The footprints of Omnipotence—
The Great Avenger's power;
Who strive His chariot wheels to stay,
In this His retribution day,
When festering wrong and towering pride,
Are fading like the morning dew,
And suffering souls, long sorely tried,
Their great deliverer view.

Stormy our times, yet oh! how grand!
Be ours this boon to see,
All purified our native land,
For God and Liberty.
When war its jarring sounds shall cease,
And earth and heaven shall sing of peace,
When swords to ploughshares shall be turned,
And spears to pruning-hooks again,
And love abide where hate has burned,
While angels breathe—Amen!

Captain WILLIAM WHITE DORR, son of Rev. Dr. DORR, rector of Christ Church, entered the army as First Lieutenant of Volunteers, almost at the commencement of the rebellion. A brave and efficient officer, he secured the love and respect of all who knew him. "Shot through the heart," he exchanged in a moment the weapons of earthly warfare, for the victor's palm in heaven.

Wounded.

[The following poem, so remarkable for beauty and pathos, appeared in a Western religious paper. It is thought that no apology can be required for its insertion here.—E. B. S.]

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree.
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to
share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead,
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah! how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced
breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and
shell,
Through without faltering—clear t. ough with a
yell,

Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good,
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart.
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest;
Dying at last!

I am no saint;
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins:
"Our Father;" and then says, "Forgive us our sins;"

Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, Amen!
Ah! I'm no saint!

Hark—there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know—
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the Flag, with its star spangles bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
Oh, land of earth's hopes, on thy blood-reddened sod,
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out!

Consecration Ceremonies at Gettysburg Cemetery.

The following letter, containing some account of the Consecration ceremonies, which the writer hopes will not be thought inappropriate, is offered as a conclusion to this little volume.

GETTYSBURG, Nov. 20, 1863.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

WHEN I said "good-bye" to you last Monday, in Hartford, I promised to write you an account of the Consecration of the National Cemetery.

From the first day that this project had been discussed as something possible and desirable, until the time when the plan had been so far matured that the date of the consecration was fixed upon, I had felt as if I *must* be in Gettysburg whenever

the ceremonies did take place. This earnest desire is now gratified.

The journey hither, although the country is so beautiful, is not altogether desirable, for in the march of improvement, so manifest in various directions, the distance between Hanover Junction and Gettysburg seems to have been left quite out. To get over the ground *somehow*, seems all that is considered necessary. We had supposed, that in view of the great number of visitors from all parts of the country, efforts would be made to place a sufficient number of cars on the route to insure the speedy transmission of passengers, and also a reasonable degree of comfort.

We left home on Tuesday morning, at eight o'clock. At Columbia, quitting the cars, we crossed the beautiful Susquehanna in a small flat-bottomed boat, more picturesque than comfortable. Many boats crossed at the same time with their living freight, and returning were again speedily filled. The fine bridge between Columbia and Wrightsville was destroyed in June, to prevent the rebels from passing over it. The piers and abutments are still standing. At Wrightsville, we waited about an hour before the locomotive was ready; and when we reached York, we were obliged to

remain there till the train came from Harrisburg, at about four o'clock. It was decidedly tiresome, to say the least. When the cars finally arrived, they were already full to overflowing, and we were obliged to squeeze in as best we could.

At Hanover Junction it was still worse. The Baltimore train had brought a large number of passengers from that city, and the scanty provision of cars, the platform around the station piled up with baggage, and the shadows of twilight already approaching, made us realize that *comfort* was an item left out of the programme. It was two hours or more before we were ready to move. Seats were finally extemporized in some freight cars, and we started, crowded, weary and hungry. In the excitement of the departure many persons had scarcely tasted breakfast, and those who had not provided themselves with a sandwich or something of the kind, were beginning to feel that it was quite time for some refreshment. Having been over the ground before, we were wise enough to be prepared for the emergency, and were able also to share with some others less considerate the contents of our luncheon-baskets.

Some young gentlemen who were anxious to obtain seats near a party of young ladies of their

acquaintance, raised a report of an amputated limb being placed in immediate proximity. The coveted seats were speedily vacated, and I heard the young men congratulating themselves on the result of their ingenuity, while the ladies who had been frightened out of their places felt hardly able to remain in the car, so greatly were they shocked. It was subsequently discovered that the unpleasant odor, which seemed to give a coloring of truth to the report, proceeded from a box of Dutch cheese.

It was eleven o'clock when we reached our place of destination. We found a worthy citizen, who had been apprised of our coming, waiting for us at the depot, with a lantern in hand, and we were soon comfortably quartered.

After a very early breakfast the next morning we engaged a vehicle, and rode first to Culp's Hill, to the left of the Baltimore turnpike, the Cemetery being on the right. To our little party every inch of the ground is interesting, and the more so from our being somewhat familiar with it already. General Meade's headquarters were, at first, near this point. At Culp's Hill the rebels fought with great determination, and finally succeeded in breaking the line of defences, and entered the breastwork at two points, when the Twelfth Corps

came to the rescue and saved the day, as did the Pennsylvania Reserves on Round Top, on the same day, July 3d. The ground is still strewn with fragments of clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, etc. We gathered up as many articles as we could conveniently take in the carriage with us. After visiting the Cemetery, we returned to the town in time to meet other friends just arrived, who were unable to start with us.

In the afternoon we rode to Seminary Hill, and saw Lee's headquarters and the spot where General Reynolds fell. Returning, we visited the General Hospital, now occupied as a camping ground for the soldiers who have come hither to take part in the ceremonies. The last of the wounded soldiers have, within a few days, been sent to hospitals elsewhere. We saw, however, a few familiar faces; among them a nurse named Hudson, belonging to a Massachusetts regiment. He gave us interesting information concerning several members of the Second Corps, which we were glad to obtain.

The tranquillity of the little town was, by this time, if not before, completely broken up. The President was hourly looked for, and the interest and excitement were great. We waited a long time, hoping to witness his arrival, but in vain.

At a later hour, we walked out to take observations. The churches were lighted and warmed for the reception of those who could not find quarters elsewhere. The streets were filled with crowds of people. A band was playing the national airs in front of the house where Mr. Lincoln was staying, and eager calls were made for "the President," who finally stood a few minutes on the door-step, and in response to the wishes of the people, made a few characteristic remarks, promising to speak at some length the next day. Mr. Seward was next called upon for a speech, and we were so near that we heard his remarks quite distinctly, as well as those of some other speakers. It was quite a new experience, you may be sure, and the whole time and circumstances were unlike anything we had known before. I must not forget to mention our introduction to John Burns, the heroic old citizen who seized his flint lock, and fought voluntarily with our army through the great battles, till wounded.

Thursday, the 19th of November, dawned dull and cloudy, and a storm seemed threatening, but the shadows passed over, and the day proved fine. Before it was quite light, the perpetual tramp of foot passengers gave token of the anticipated

solemnities. The crowd was continually augmented by fresh arrivals, coming in every direction, and by every avenue of approach, on foot, in carriages, and on horseback. We decided to remain where we were, till the procession passed.

As the hour approached, heavy guns were fired at intervals, pealing like a solemn anthem on the air. The sadness of recent bereavement seemed to rest upon every heart. Soon we heard the sounds of funeral marches, and the long line of military passed through Baltimore Street toward the Cemetery. Then came the President, easily distinguished from all others. He seemed as chief mourner. With him were the members of the Cabinet, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and Governors and delegations from nearly all the loyal States, marshals with batons and badges on horseback, a large cavalcade, and then citizens on foot, men, women and children—a great multitude. We joined the company, and proceeded to the Cemetery. Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, and the Rev. Mr. Stockton rode in a baronche. A beautiful flag floated over the platform, which was arranged with seats for the distinguished guests, but there was no place allotted for the ladies. The crowd was excessive. After listening to the dirge,

we withdrew a little to observe the scene. The oration we could read. The sight was truly imposing. Among the many banners was one which touched every heart with its mute lamentation; a white flag, shrouded with black, bearing the inscription, "We mourn our fallen comrades," and on the reverse, "The Army of the Potomac." I gathered in the Cemetery many little sprays and green leaves, to send to friends at a distance, who might value such mementos of the day and hour.

On our way to the town, a soldier going toward the Cemetery called me by name, as we were passing. I looked up in surprise. "Is it Crolius?" I said. It was really Crolius, a brave young man who lost his right arm here; a member of Baxter's Fire Zouaves, in whom we were all much interested last summer. The last that I had heard of him, he was at the West Philadelphia Hospital, very low. I did not suppose he was in the land of the living. We were glad, indeed, to see his frank, manly face; glad that he and many others like him, were able to witness the honors paid to the noble dead.

It was long past noon when the procession returned. It was a magnificent sight. The long line of infantry with their bayonets gleaming in the sunlight, the artillery, the distinguished guests,

the great multitude. As the President passed, every head was uncovered, and three hearty cheers were given for him. The same compliment was paid to our own Governor Curtin. The solemn pageant was over.

Soon after, we rode over some portion of the battle-field, visiting an old German woman whose house was completely riddled with cannon-balls. She remained in it, attending to her household duties, during the whole battle, with her daughter, now a bride. They were advised to leave, but had, she said, no place to go to. They showed us a bureau, one side of which was burst through, and a drawer knocked out by a ball which entered the house, passed through a middle partition, and out at the opposite side. After this, they retreated to the cellar. General Barksdale, of the Rebel army, fell in front of this house. A wounded Union soldier asked for something to eat. They gave him a piece of bread, and he was seen presently sitting under a tree, with the bread still in his hand, dead! One realizes the battle, when hearing these things from an eye-witness, on the spot where they occurred. We passed by the peach orchard where the Second Corps suffered so terribly, and rode on toward Round Top. It is worth the journey to

Gettysburg to see our flag floating over Round Top, so grandly and beautifully.

At five in the afternoon, the citizens were introduced to the President, and we did ourselves the honor of paying our respects to him and to the Governor. In the evening various meetings were held, and many speeches were made in the open air, some of which were greeted with hearty applause by citizens and soldiers. It seemed difficult to settle down to quietness.

This morning the old state of affairs seems in some degree restored. Strangers are departing, and we expect to leave this afternoon, taking the route over South Mountain to Chambersburg. We are desirous of seeing the route taken by the rebels when they entered the State. We shall visit Greencastle also. I hope you will not be weary of all these details, which have interested us so much.

Very affectionately, yours,

E. B. S.

INDEX.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY LETTER, ...	5
Letter of July 14, 1863, Hanover Junction, . .	11
" " 15, " Gettysburg, . . .	14
" " 16, " "	20
" " 16, " " . . .	25
" " 18, " in camp near Gettysburg, . .	28
" " 18, " Gettysburg, . . .	30
" " 20, " "	33
" " 20, " " . . .	39
" " 22, " "	42
" " 22, " " . . .	44
" " 22, " " . . .	50
" " 27, " " . . .	54
" " 27, " "	61
" " 29, " " . . .	63
" " 2, " from a young officer of the 118th Regiment P. V., . .	66

NATIONAL POEMS:

A Song for the Union, ...	75
An Appeal to Arms, ...	77
A Lament, ...	79

NATIONAL POEMS—*continued.* PAGE

A Song of Welcome, ... 81
The Capture of the St. Nicholas, ... 83
The Volunteer Refreshment Saloons of Philadelphia, 85
The Young Patriot, ... 88
A Welcome Home to the National Guards, . . . 90
Knitting for the Army, ... 93
Our Flag, ... 96
Let us Work while it is called To-day, ... 99
A Tribute to Captain Worden, ... 101
A Song for the Closing Year, ... 104
Sympathy from Germany, ... 106
An Apostrophe to Traitors, ... 109
A Response to the Governor's Call for Troops, . 112
Crossing the Border, ... 114
The Pilgrimage to Gettysburg, ... 117
Our Flag on Round Top, ... 122
A Gift from Switzerland, ... 124
Light out of Darkness, ... 126
Wounded, ... 129

CONSECRATION CEREMONIES AT GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, . 133